If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miſerable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy load
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And ſtill as you are awearie of the waight,
Reſt you whiles I lament King Henries coarſe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. Stay you that bear the corſe, & ſet it down.
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a coarſe of him that diſobeyes.
Gen. My L. ſtand backe and let the coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmannerd dog, ſtand thou when I command.
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by Saint Paule Ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee beggar for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuel.
Auant thou dreadfull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint, for charitie, be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods ſake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell:
Fild it with curſing cryes, and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead Henries wounds,
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deludge moſt vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood madeſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkſt, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murtherer dead,

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke.
As thou doeſt ſwallow vp this good kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Ladie, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes.
La. Villaine, thou knowſt no law of God nor man:
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pitie.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are ſo angry.
Vouchſafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance but to acquite my ſelfe.
La. Vouchſafe defuſed infection of a man,
For theſe knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leiſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe currant, but to hang thy ſelfe.
Glo. By ſuch diſpaire I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
La. And by diſparing ſhouldſt thou ſtand excuſde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy ſelfe,
Which didſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diueliſh ſlaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and ſlaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lyeſt, Queene Margret ſaw
Thy bloodly faulchion ſmoking in his blood,
The which thou once didſt bēd againſt her breſt,
But that thy brother beat aſide the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her ſlanderous tongue
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltleſſe ſhoulders.
La. Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries.
Didſt thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yee.